

Special Notices.

No notice will be taken of any communication. What is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

With the exception of what is responsible for any views or expressions contained in the communications of our correspondents.

The new post will now make the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to receive it, a sufficient cause for the withdrawal of such an action to be criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of his subscription.

Legal Notices. We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that most of the legal notices, especially those of mortgages and sales, by statute are now required to be published in a newspaper, and the town where the notice is intended, is there to be published in all towns. Under your headings inserted in this paper.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Taking down the pictures,
Dusting off the wall,
Not at home this morning,
Should there be a call?
Toast and eggs for breakfast,
Things turned upside down,
Wife and husband a jawing,
Husband skips for town.
Taking up the carpet,
Tacks and dust for brush,
Boy, for asking questions,
Gets from me a scold.
Washing off the windows,
Dust and soap for wash,
She with pail and dash-pail
Used to be my wife.
No fire in the furnace,
Dust goes on a ring,
"Cleaning house to-day m'm,
First day of the spring."
Night's a doctor calling,
Wife done up in bed,
Husband sends for drug store,
Clerk asks who is dead.
Night reporter's item;
"Coroner had a ring,
For a 'will' found buried,
First day of the spring."
Took of the fangs,
Forsooth a silly old mouse,
"Scalable from house,"
Caused by cleaning house."

May Everett's Governess.

BY MARGARET T. SUTHERLAND.

The park at Baddesley was conceded to be the most beautiful in the country. Not only could it boast of oaks almost as old as the Conquest, and great glades in which the deer were nearly hidden by the fern, but it possessed a lake, which for extent and picturesqueness could hardly be matched, for its size, anywhere.

Near this lake, on a bright day in early summer, when the turf was thickly sprinkled with wild flowers a young girl was sauntering idly along. She had just plucked some fern, and a flower, and was thinking herself quite alone in this secluded spot, when her ear caught the quick sound of footsteps, and turning, she saw, to her surprise, not a game-keeper, as she had expected, but a young man in the morning undress of the upper classes.

The stranger seemed to be hardly less startled. He had never, he thought, seen so beautiful a face. He was evidently a thorough-bred gentleman, however, not only in dress, but in reality, for observing the slight confusion of the girl, he raised his hat, courteously, and said:

"I am sorry I frightened you."

The girl recovered herself, with native dignity, at once.

"It was so still here, and I did not hear you, till you were close at hand—it was that which startled me," she answered, in half-shrillness.

The young man appeared as if he could not resist the temptation to engage in conversation with this pretty stranger. So he said:

"You were gathering flowers and ferns. It is a delicious sort of work, this lovely afternoon. Don't you find it so? But I beg pardon," seeing that she looked a little amazed. "I ought not to have asked."

There was such knightly deference in his tone and manner, that whatever little alarm the girl might have felt, disappeared; and she looked up, with a smile, into the face of the dark-eyed stranger.

"I came out to gather flowers and ferns to decorate the tea-table for May Everett's birthday fete, at Springfield, to-morrow," she said, frankly. "But the delicious air, the perfect stillness of this secluded spot has made me almost forget my work. I was just beginning, in good earnest, when you came up."

"Yes! it is a lovely spot," he answered, looking around, and speaking as if thinking aloud. "It looks neglected, however. Everything about looks neglected. I passed through the old church-yard, as I came along, and the church is dreadfully dilapidated."

"Dilapidated" was the frank reply. "And such a dear old church, too! I wonder the owner is not ashamed of it."

"Who is the owner?"

"You must be a stranger, sir, to the neighbourhood, not to know the Park and the Hall belong to Sir Guy Fleming, who has always inherited them. He was abroad, when his father died, and has not yet returned; does not intend to return, it is said. Everything, in consequence, is going to decay; the church, especially. Even the armorial bearings of the proud Fleming family, over the great square pew, hang in ghastly fragments, and the old oak pew itself is worn and moth-eaten. These grounds, too, are neglected. Servants, of the house of Everett, the beautiful blonde Maud, no longer in her first youth, but graceful and fascinating still.

There was another daughter of Everett, a quiet, inoffensive specimen of humanity, was, or rather, had been, a Birmingham tradesman: he was now supposed to be a country gentleman; but poor man, he felt sadly out of place in the luxury of his great house, so grand, so new, so glaring, and he looked back, with unspeakable longing, to 'the old shop in yon street.'

Mrs. Everett was such a woman as quiet, meek men usually marry: there is a fatuity about such things, so I need not describe her.

"He ought to know it," answered the girl. "No doubt he is leading an idle, useless life in some part of the world," and she turned, with a decided air to go.

"Pardon me, but let me detain you one moment. Do not judge the present owner of Baddesley too harshly. If his life has been idle and useless, it has not been altogether his fault." He stopped, looked at the sweet face searching, then said, "I am Guy Fleming."

What a beautiful picture she made, standing there before him, with her great brown eyes wide open, in utter astonishment; her hand pushed a little back from her face, showing the low, white forehead, and clustering ringlets of yellow hair, that fell low on her shoulders, the crimson stain in her cheeks rivalling the color of her lips.

"I am so sorry. I—beg your pardon," and she looked so much like a grieved, frightened child, that Sir Guy said gently,

"Do not look so distressed, or I shall be sorry to tell you. I am going to try and do my duty here now; will you not wish me success?"

"Yes, of course," she answered, quickly, "but I am so sorry—"

She was not more than a child, it seemed, for he saw the tears in her sweet brown eyes, and the quiver of the red lips.

"Do not let it trouble you so, he said, earnestly. "You only said what everyone thinks; but I have no friends here, and it seemed a little hard that I—that you should think ill of me. Must you go? You spoke of Springfield; do you live there?"

She nodded her head.

"I wonder if you will be offended at my next question? This, very politely. 'Are you Miss Everett?'

The color in the smooth cheeks faded no less brightly, as the young girl answered:

"My name is Alice Linette; I am May Everett's governess. Good afternoon."

"Good-by, Miss Linette," and he lifted his hat again, and watched the small, girlish figure, until hidden from view, in the winding walks of the park.

Then he slowly retraced his steps, through glade, and wood, till he reached, half an hour later, the grand old pile, with its great portico, and ivy-wreathed tower, which he was, in the future, to call home.

The terraces in front were overgrown with long grass, the marble basin of the long disused fountain was dotted with patches of moss, and the once trim flower-garden of the middle terrace showed only unshapely monads and grass-grown walks. He would change all this, however, in a very little while, Sir Guy thought; and the church, too, that must be restored as soon as possible.

In the gentleman's mental vision of the future, the picture of a young girl occupied the most prominent place, however; a girl whose face, framed in a rich setting of golden hair, bore a striking resemblance to that of the one who had so lately looked at him with crimson cheeks, as her lips uttered the words:

"I am May Everett's governess."

Miss Linette walked quickly across the park, thinking it would be a long time before she would enter his presence again; and saying to herself, "What made me say such a thing to a stranger? Poor papa was right about my thoughtless tongue. But how could I think that was Sir Guy Fleming? He doesn't look a bit

like the portrait of his father, that I've seen up at the hall, closed for repairs. So, since a week, he saw the shy, sweet face of Alice Linette. That was all, however, for he never saw her again, until the first of August. That day was one long to be remembered by the inhabitants of that part of England, as the date of 'the great storm,' a storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, which, although of no long duration, was terrible, the one at Baddesley being

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MARSHFIELD.

A detail of Fletcher Webster Pos 13, G. A. R., of Brockton, will visit the grave of Col. Fletcher Webster, former commander of the regiment.

There has been recently erected in the ancient burial ground at Marshfield a granite monument to the memory of the first settlers of Green Harbor. About thirty years ago Miss Maria A. Thomas, of Marshfield, deposited a sum of money in the Plymouth Savings Bank, with the view, after it had sufficiently accumulated, to honor the first settlers, from one or more of whom she was a descendant, by a suitable memorial. Miss Thomas as did not live to see her contemplated work accomplished. During the last year, however, her sister, Miss Sarah Thomas, finding the deposit and accumulations sufficient, took steps to carry out her sister's wishes, and with the advice and assistance of friends the monument has been finally constructed and put in place by Mr. Robert Clark of Plymouth. It consists of a base four feet square and one foot six inches high, a plinth two feet eleven inches square and one foot two inches high, a shaft two feet five inches square at its base and four feet seven inches high, and a cap three feet square and one foot ten inches high. The whole is nine feet one inch in height, and except the shaft, is constructed of finely hewn granite. The shaft is of polished granite and bears on its four sides the names of the first settlers at Green Harbor with those of their wives, seventy-one in number. The monument is a worthy memorial, worthily conceived and admirably executed.—*Memorial.*

SEA VIEW.

Mr. E. E. Stetson has sold his bay horse to Mrs. Fred Heustis.

Mr. Warren Hall has removed his barn on River street to the other side of Seastreet.

It is expected that a game of base ball will be played on the Sea View grounds, Memorial day.

The Stevens' house has been successfully moved to the lot provided by the Old Colony R. R. corporation. This change gives the railroad company a fine lot on which to erect their new station, which has been made necessary by the increased summer travel. The new station is to be built with a tenement above for the accommodation of the genial and popular station master, Mr. Alonzo Stevens, and will, when completed, and the grounds graded, be an ornament to the road.

The building of the skating rink at Hummock has been commenced and is to be pushed forward rapidly. The new building is located on Marshfield avenue, near the bowling alley. It is to be 40 ft. by 100 ft. and is to be completed by June 15th. The company have also contracted for the building of two cottages on the ocean front, to be ready for occupancy this season. A large number of ornamental trees have been set out along the streets and avenues which if they can be induced to live will add greatly to the beauty of the place.

EAST MARSHFIELD.

Capt. Chas. Magoun has been sick. We are glad to hear he is improving.

Mr. Judson Ewell, one of the selectmen, has been having an addition put on to his house.

Mrs. Powell, who has been quite sick for a month or two past, is, we learn, a little better.

Mrs. Geo. Leonard and Mrs. Susan Leonard have had their houses newly painted. They look nicely.

Mt. Anasa Bartlett, who has been threatened with the typhoid fever, has partially recovered and is out again.

The road machine owned by the town and used by the several surveyors in our part of the town is doing some good work. The roads never looked better.

We are glad to see the arrival of Mr. Nelson and family at their farm for the summer. Such men who bring life, enterprise and thrift into town, and make two blades of grass grow where one formerly used to grow are benefactors. It is the products of the soil that keep mankind in motion, the world might as well shut up shop when it ignores the husbandman, from whose acres the staff of life is cropped.

The annual meeting of the East Marshfield Public Library was held on Thursday evening last, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Lysander S. Richards; Vice-President, Miss Myra E. Brown; Treasurer and Librarian, Fred A. Holmes; Assistant Librarian, Miss Myra A. Brown; Treasurer, Misses Meares, George H. Weatherbee, Geo. S. Damon, Edward A. Lauriat, Albert Bates, Eliza W. Hall. The treasurer read his annual report which showed that there is a present considerable amount for books the purchase of which there was still a small surplus of cash on hand. The librarian report showed good progress the past year. The secretary's report was a full and interesting account of the doings of the past. Mr. George B. Damon, Allen Bates and George H. Weatherbee contributed sufficient money to get out the new catalog of the books in the library. The report is now printed, and each of the officers have some to distribute in those who apply for them.

SOUTH SCITUATE.

Jonah Hatch has purchased the Flint place on Central street.

Sunday May 25 was one of the loveliest days, the trees being in full bloom.

The South Scituate Band practice in Fogg's Hall since the Town Hall was burnt down.

Call for Fred Curtis' candy at the stores if you want to get something pretty nice.

Mr. Herbert Nash paid our village a flying visit. He came for his son some black mare which Mr. J. C. Nash has been wintering for him.

Mr. Luther W. Flint will move from town Wednesday, May 28. Willis Flint gives up his job driving stage for Seth Foster, and Lorenzo Bates takes his place.

Mr. J. H. Williams moves his photograph car to Nantasket Beach this week. He intends to have three cars on the beach this summer. This is his sixteenth season there.

As the question is often asked us as to where Mr. Israel Nash and family are now living, we would say they have purchased a beautiful residence at Wellesley Hill and add we by the Wellesley Courier the water pipes are to be extended to their place and that they will have all the conveniences of a city home. They reside there the year round.

Mr. Martin S. Curtis starts work this week at the trinket factory formerly occupied by the late David Torrey. He has been getting the old gang together as much as possible although some will not be able to start with them as they have engaged themselves elsewhere. They will do business direct with a Boston firm for whom Mr. Torrey made a large number of trinkets.

Sunday May 25 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of C. W. Sparrell and wife. A few of their near relatives spent the day with them.

They received a number of presents among which was a silver ice pitcher, silver bowl, creamer and numerous other articles in silver, and a sum of money in silver from friends and neighbors.

The sewing circle connected with the First Parish held their annual meeting Wednesday May 21, to hear reports and choose officers for the ensuing year. The officers chosen were as follows: President Mrs. E. T. Fogg; vice president Mrs. C. W. Sparrell; treasurer Mrs. W. H. Fish; secretary Mrs. J. H. Pinkham. A large number of ladies attended at this meeting. After the meeting the ladies with a few gentlemen adjourned to the dining room and partook of a supper contributed by the ladies.

WEST SCITUATE.

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Memorial services, in anticipation of Memorial Day, were held at the Universalist church last Sabbath. D. Willard Robinson, Post 112, G. A. R., was seated in the body pews, and a large congregation assembled besides, occupying almost the entire seating capacity of the church. Rev. W. C. Litchfield of Berlin, Mass., a native of South Scituate, and member of Post 112, delivered an excellent and interesting address, taking his text from Hebrews ii, 1. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." The speaker feelingly alluded to the annually increasing roll of brave spirits who have been martyred, not buried though those who remain, and claimed that they went forth from home and friends, ready to sacrifice their lives if need be, to defend that inalienable right, (solemnly pronounced in '76) "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." He gave it a larger and fuller meaning, and those who have been martyred, "Turned the world upside down" who have reached the years of manhood since the civil war, he directed their attention to the words of the text, and urged them to do the duty that lies at all times, and earnestness that emanates that of their fathers of '76, and thus to their children the liberty the sirs won and interpreted, developed and pursued, until it may continue to bless and benefit the world in all ages. The congregation evinced the most earnest attention and we cannot but believe that memorial services of this character, and Memorial Day observances will be of lasting benefit to those who participate in them.

CHURCH HILL.

Post 83 G. A. R. of Hanover attended memorial service at St. Andrews Church on Sunday, May 25th. They met at Temperance Hall and from there marched to the church and listened to an able address by the rector, W. Brooks. The house was well filled, the ad. con. G. Society having postponed their morning service to attend the memorial service. The Post occupied the body of the house. The floral display was splendid. After the services the Post returned to Temperance Hall and many of them immediately started for West Scituate where they united with Post 112 of South Scituate and attended service there.

The funeral of Mr. William B. Pratt of Church Hill, South Scituate, took place from the M. E. church, Church Hill, at about 1 o'clock P. M. Monday, May 26. The funeral was attended by a large number of friends and relatives, the church being completely filled. North River Lodge No. 167, I. O. O. F. of which he was a prominent and highly respected member turned out 75 strong to administer the last sad rite to their departed brother, the lodge met promptly at their hall at Hanover Corners and marched to the home of the deceased and did escort duty to the M. E. Church where services were held. Rev. F. Fish of South Scituate officiating; music was furnished by the Lodge quartette. The display of flowers was very elaborate, the gates ajar consisting of white pinks and pansies from the New York and New England R. R. officials, some of whom were present, also a delegation from the work shops at Norwood where he held an important position, there were also four baskets of flowers, a wreath and a pillow of English ivy and lilies of the valley with the three links worked in bluish roses and white pinks, the last being the token of love and respect from the Odd Fellows. After the services at the church the lodge took charge and proceeded to the cemetery where they performed their funeral services. Mr. Chas. W. Sparrell of South Scituate had charge of the funeral and under his charge all went smoothly and quietly. The deceased died May 23, after about a week's sickness, aged 49 years, 7 months.

DUXBURY.

At a meeting in Odd Fellows Hall, Duxbury, on Monday the 19th, a new Post was organized, called William Wadsworth Post, No. 165. The following officers were elected:

Dr. B. A. Sawyer, Commander; John Turner, 1st Asst. Commander;

James R. Burgess, 2d Asst. Commander; John W. Tower, Officer of the day; LeBaron Goodwin, Quarter-master; L. Harris, Asst. Quarter-master; Henry Barlow, Adjutant; Charles Hunt, Sgt. Major; George L. Higgins, Chaplain; T. M. Gridley, Surgeon; George F. Ryder, Sentinel.

Another meeting was held on Friday night, to make arrangements for Memorial Day. Committees were chosen and things arranged in a satisfactory manner. The hall is hired by the Post for one year. This organization is a very excellent thing and ought to receive every encouragement. When this movement has become general throughout the country, North and South will be united in a mighty brotherhood of love and sympathy, against which all evil plots of mischief will fail. And here let me say that while so many are receiving pensions and honors for services in this sad war, one of the most deserving of all is the Rev. Mr. T. M. Gridley, of the Tennessee, who was Miss Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland. It has been said of her that she was "author of the military idea that saved the Union." She faithfully studied the situation with a able and patriotic mind, and her plans were accepted and carried with success we know of so well. Yet this patriotic woman is sick and poor with aid from our government, while so many are fairly burdened with wealth and power.

Let all lovers of right think of this, and give, who can, to the fund now being made up for her at the O. C. M. office, in Plymouth.

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